

No. 3.

JULY 21st.

1916.



ALCESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL RECORD.

PRICE---SIXPENCE.

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EDITOR (*pro tem.*)—Mr. Wells.

SUB-EDITOR—Miss Evans.

COMMITTEE—Dorothy Taylor, Phyllis Alison, Margaret Farquhar, W. Cowper, K. Hall, H. Whitehouse.

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EDITORIAL.

It was our intention to have brought out the third number of this School Magazine at the end of the Spring term, but unfortunately material was lacking, and without material there can be no magazine. I should like to urge all readers who belong to the school and who possess any ability in writing to try and produce something suitable to appear in these pages.

At present the work falls rather heavily on a few. It is not unlikely that some may have interesting experiences during the coming summer holidays, which might, if written up, make interesting articles for our next number.

Mention is made elsewhere of our losing the valuable services of Mr. Ankcorn. Some of us have realised since he went what a number of useful things he used to see after, and how difficult it is to get them all done now. At the same time I should like to take this opportunity of thanking the School for the willingness shown in taking on extra duties. It is probable that as time goes on we shall have to ask for still further services, and I have no doubt that your love for this place and your pride in its appearance will bring forward many volunteers.

Our chief effort this term in the way of war work was of course the Entertainment at the Corn Exchange, as a result of which a cheque for £21 17s. 8d. was forwarded to the "Star and Garter" Fund.

The egg collection for the wounded has brought in on an average about eighteen eggs per

week. I should like to see a very decided improvement made upon this when we start again in the Autumn—say a steady average of forty eggs per week.

I hope also that there will be a hearty response to the appeal for vegetables for the Navy.

LETTER FROM P. J. PERKS.

FRANCE, 2—7—16.

DEAR MR. WELLS,

I am taking this opportunity of writing to you because I thought you might like to know that A. O. Haslam—formerly at the school—now a private in the 6th Warwicks, has been sent to the Base Hospital.

He and two companions were buried for two hours in a dug-out on June 29th. I met him about three weeks ago on his arrival at this front from England where he had been in training for twenty months.

It seems almost unbelievable that three years ago I was at school, and now I have been about so much, and have spent nearly a year in the Army.

I have often thought of the times we had at school and hope that everything is going on as smoothly.

Wishing the school every success and yourself all good wishes.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

P. J. PERKS.

P.S.—I hope that the Sports will be successful in every way, and wish that I was attending them.

SOCIAL SERVICE.

"There is no perfecting of self save through social service."

Strange as the fact may seem that "there is no perfecting of self, save through social service," yet it is true. For we all form a vast community—the world; and each one of us is a part of this community and for its safety and well-being we are all responsible—some more than others—but all to a certain extent. We can do nothing which does not have some effect—either for good or for evil—on the rest of the community. For all that we do and say we are responsible to the community. We cannot become good or greater without making it better and greater, and it cannot act in any way without making us feel the effects of that action. We are necessary to the community, and the community is necessary to us. Our responsibility is very great. It depends upon us, as a whole, collectively and individually, whether the world shall be good or evil, rich or poor; whether justice or injustice shall prevail, right or wrong, virtue or vice. We are the governors, the teachers, the explorers, the artists and the workers of the community.

Then, as this is so, as we are part of a whole, and not complete in ourselves, but complete only in the community, the only way in which we can perfect ourselves is by doing some social service which will help to perfect the community of which we are a part.

There are too many kinds of social service to be set down in full here, but roughly, they may be divided into five, though if each social service was counted the total would be considerably more.

First, perhaps in importance, comes political service. This includes all paid and some unpaid service done for the State, that done by our great Ministers, our Members of Parliament, our judges and magistrates—to quote only a few examples. Their service is of the highest importance, for upon their efforts depend to the greatest extent the betterment of the conditions of the poor and the preservation of justice.

Next, comes education, a social service the importance of which has only lately been recognised. It is important because it consists of the training of the minds of the rising generation. What their minds and intellect will be like; whether they will perform their duties well or ill; their morals and their future career—all depend upon what education they may have received, and

as this generation will be the fathers and mothers of the next, the welfare of the whole community depends upon education.

Science, too, has done much social service. One has only to think of the immense strides which medical science alone has made within the last fifty years to realise that. If Science has of late learnt how to destroy, she has also learnt how to mend. For the devices and skill which are spent during war in killing and maiming are more than equalled by the wonderful skill of the surgeons and nurses, both in the hospitals of the Allies and those of the enemy.

Art renders a different kind of social service. It concerns itself mainly in bringing before people's eyes all that is beautiful in paintings, in statuary, in architecture and in writings. A beautiful thing even though it may serve no practical purpose has a subtle unconscious influence for good upon the mind of any person who is able to appreciate its beauty. To be able to appreciate the beautiful is the highest form of education. Writings, however, perform a different social service from that rendered by the rest of the arts. Not only do they aid in the appreciation of the beautiful, but they have an enormous influence for good on public opinion. It has been said that "The pen is mightier than the sword," and this is true to the extent that abuses which no fighting would ever stop, have, by the writings of eminent men, been exposed, and the public mind has been influenced in such a way that laws have been passed forbidding such abuses.

Apart from the service which politicians, scientists, artists and educationalists give to the community general service is rendered by the vast number of men and women in other professions than those already mentioned. We work for ourselves and as a means of earning a living, but by doing our work well we help others. All work done well is a kind of social service and all lives lived uprightly are lives which benefit the community.

To be rich is no excuse for a lazy life, though it is often the only one put forward. The more one possesses the more one owes to the community and the more one ought to do to better the conditions of those who possess little. There is no difference between the lazy rich and the lazy poor save that of wealth. The poor man has as much excuse as the rich man for living a lazy life, nay, more, for perhaps his life has in the past been all

work and no play. In his wealth the rich man has a splendid opportunity for rendering social service. The poor man has only one alternative to a vagrant life; that of a life of drudgery. The wonder is that so few of the poor are idle.

Neither the rich who give up their lives to pleasure, nor the poor who tramp the roads, do any social service, save that of giving an example of what should not be, for in the world as in the hive, it is only the workers who count, and it is upon them that the general safety depends.

D.T.

EVENING: KING'S COUGHTON.

Shadows fall,
And the breezes sigh;
Night birds call,
While across the sky
Apart, alone,
To the dim unknown,
Wander the great clouds by.

A bluish haze
Be-dims the lea,
Where cattle graze,
Contentedly;
Flows the stream,
As an elfin dream,
Onwards wildly.

Rustle the leaves,
And swirl away;
Beneath thatch eaves
Are the bats at play;
And the keeper's horn,
Faint, forlorn,
Winds on the Ridgeway.

A GOOD CITIZEN.

The first moral duty of a good citizen is that he should live a godly, righteous and sober life, and attend a place of worship, thereby being exemplary to all around him. For example, going to church would indicate that he was not a moral coward and not afraid of being termed a goody-goody.

Sobriety is always essential, but especially at the present time. Waste of time, money, holidays, labour, fuel ought to be avoided by any good citizen. Home products should be used in preference to foreign, and leisure hours spent on cultivating the garden would be of far more use to King and country than an evening spent at some sport or the Picture Palace.

Every citizen who is unable to fight for his country through physical unfitness can render his aid by making munitions and saving money in every possible way. If his strength will not permit him to make munitions, then surely he could take the place of a man who would be willing to go if he could possibly do so.

A good citizen now-a-days however ought not carelessly to put forward conscientious grounds as an excuse for disobedience to the law. "Fear God, Honour the King, Love the Brotherhood," are the words which ought not to be considered lightly to-day by anyone who professed to be a good citizen. What would our country have been to-day had it not been for such great citizens as Nelson, Gladstone, and Kitchener?

Surely every man and woman can do something towards helping the great cause for which we are fighting. A citizen who does not do this is unworthy of the name citizen, and puts his individual welfare before that of the community at large.

The feelings of a good citizen are beautifully expressed in Rudyard Kipling's lines:—

Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart and hand through the years to be.

Indeed, all the duties of a good citizen can be summed up in a few words, duty towards God and neighbours. A man who carries out these two most important items of God's law will not have much to fear when the Master of all good citizens shall put them to work anew. G.W.

A MEDLEY.

The other night I thought of A.G.S.,
Of many things that happened there to me,
And dropping off to sleep in the process

I dreamt I heard this mixed-up melody:

My mother bids me bind my hair
With daisies pied and violets blue;
But I'll go on to Strawberry Fair,
Singing all the time "Cuckoo!"

Perhaps I'll meet bold Willow the King,
Or, maybe, the Vicar of Bray, sir!

And if it should be a May Day morning
We'll stumble across the Poacher.

We'll call on the way for Bonnie Dundee,
And follow the Wraggle Taggle Gipsies O;
Then scour the man on the Golden Vanity,
With the land lubbers lying down below,
below.

If Henry Martin should not capture us
 We'll drink to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
 And sing with great gusto the Beggar's Chorus
 And probably Richard of Taunton Dene.

At last in the month of October we'll land
 Somewhere on this side of Jordan,
 And feast on the roast beef of Old England
 'Neath lilies in Mary's garden.

John Barleycorn who thrives quite well,
 Near the oak, the ash, the bonnie ivy tree,
 Shall sing, with the help of his leather bottel,
 Of our king who went to Normandy.

We'll bring the jolly waggoner,
 If he's not turnip hoeing ;
 But we'll waken not the sleeper
 If it's early one morning.

And if the winter wind shall blow,
 Why drink to me only with thine eyes ;
 Yankee doodle, dandy O,
 And ladies, no more sighs.

Thus in my dream I rambled on,
 Till medley into chaos rose ;
 I woke (methought forty years on)
 Blissfully humming the Heroes !

UGLE, THE EARTHWORM.

(For those who still love tales of the Fairies).

It was night, and the big silver moon shone
 clearly over the grassy meadow by the river.

The little elf from the red clover blossom,
 and the dainty fairy from the white clover, were
 sitting together on a big dock leaf. Little Ugle,
 the poor earthworm, with the thin, purple-red
 body, saw them, and a pang of jealousy ran to
 the tip of his tail.

"Oh!" shrieked Clovellie, the white clover
 fairy, "there is that horrible earthworm again!
 Clovis, protect me." But Ugle, hurt and indig-
 nant, had sunk back into his hole.

Just above he heard two buttercups talking.
 "Yes," said one, "it is quite true; Clovis
 and Clovellie are to be married to-morrow at
 sunset. The harebells have all had new tunes
 taught them by the West Wind in honour of
 the occasion, and the moon daisies have learnt
 a new dance. What a gay time we shall have!"
 And the two buttercups swished softly to and fro
 in the cool breeze.

Ugle was very sad. For he loved beautiful
 little Clovellie, and yet he knew she despised him.

"If only I were not so red and slippery, and
 altogether loathsome—if I were like Clovis,"
 she would love me," thought Ugle.

Just then the cock crew, and in the rosy-
 flushed east the sun began to rise. Clovis and
 Clovellie fondly bade each other farewell, and
 flew back to their own homes, the red and the
 white clovers. (You know, the flower elves are
 only allowed out at night). All through the hot
 day they lay in their sweet scented dwellings,
 while Ugle crawled about below the ground.

As evening drew near, Ugle crept above.
 From where he lay he could see Clovellie's tiny
 face peeping from her home. The West Wind
 was softly rustling round the meadow, cautioning
 the moon daisies not to forget the sweeping bow
 in the eighth figure of the new dance, and bidding
 the harebells ring clearly and in unison when he
 should give the signal.

Just as the sun sank, all the harebells lifted
 their heads and prepared for the opening peal,
 when—"Hush," murmured the breeze, "here
 comes a boy!" The boy came gaily along.
 Alas! he had a long stick in his hand, and was
 cutting off the heads of the flowers!

"Moonbeams and zephyrs!" moaned the
 wind. "There goes my best clarion harebell,
 and that moon-daisy—my most graceful dancer."
 And he shrieked with rage, as he dashed among
 the fir trees that fringed the meadow.

Ugle held his breath—the boy was coming
 towards him, what if he should harm dainty
 Clovellie? It was unthinkable, impossible—
 swish! The white clover reeled, and fell to the
 ground. Ugle heard a faint moan from within
 it, and the boy passed on, climbed the gate, and
 tramped away.

Dozens of flower elves came rushing to the
 scene of this awful disaster, and Clovellie was
 extricated with difficulty from the ruins of her
 home—but what a changed Clovellie!

One tiny arm was torn off, her face was
 bruised and blackened, her dainty nose was
 crushed flat. Ugle could hardly bear to look at
 her. "Clovis, oh, where are you?" moaned
 the poor little fairy. Where, indeed, was Clovis?
 At last he approached, and the Wind rushed to
 meet him. "I am afraid the wedding will have
 to be postponed," sighed the wind.

Then Clovis spoke. "The wedding will
 not take place at all," he said. "Do you think
 I could live with a disfigured creature like that?"

pointing to the shrinking Clovellie. "Let her find someone blind, who cannot see her ugliness; deaf, who cannot hear her moans. I, the handsome Clovis, will certainly not have anything to do with her." And so saying, he ran away.

Ugle dived into his hole, too miserable to stay up another instant. For hours he lay prone, wretched beyond words, listening to the low moans of poor, suffering, forsaken Clovellie. It was nearly daybreak, and the elves had gone back into their flowers.

Suddenly an idea struck Ugle. Surely, Mab, Queen of the Fairies, would have pity on Clovellie. But it was certain that none of the elves in the meadow would tell her, for they feared Clovis. Who, then, could go? Only he himself, Ugle, the red worm. Yet, surely, Queen Mab would hear him, for he had heard of her clemency and justness. Well—he would set out at once, and so he did.

The horrors of that journey for Ugle are impossible to describe. Constantly haunted by the fear of breaking into a mole run, where the mole would certainly devour him; he burrowed his way as best he could. Several times he had to crawl above the ground, as underneath it was too hard to force a passage; and often he just escaped being captured by a hungry bird.

At last, in a green dingle, he found Queen Mab. Serene, and lovely beyond description, she sat on a gossamer throne, surrounded by myriads of brightly robed, gauze-winged fairy attendants.

Ugle's heart failed him. How could he approach this wonderful creature? But at last, for the sake of poor Clovellie, he crawled before Queen Mab, and made known his errand. The Queen heard graciously, and said: "Most certainly, I will cure this poor fairy. Beam, Glow and Sparkle, fly to the palace, and bring me the magic ointment, the magic medicine, and my Most Magic wand!"

When the three fairies had fluttered away Mab went on, "After what she has suffered, Clovellie will not want to stay there, will she? Besides her clover plant is destroyed. Well, I want another lady-in-waiting, and I think that Clovellie, when made well by my magic ointment, will just suit me. Go back to the meadow as fast as you can, Ugle, I will meet you there, and you shall have a rich reward for your devotion. You have indeed done well, Ugle. Now hurry back, and rest assured that I will cure Clovellie."

With his heart full of joy Ugle slipped away, and dived below the ground.

The return journey was easier, for Ugle slid along the passage he had made in coming. At length he reached a hard rocky place where he had to crawl above ground. He was very, very tired as he slid between sharp stones, and through the choking dust. But soon he would be home, and, surely, to have won praise from Queen Mab was worth some endeavour. What would Clovellie say to him when she became well again? Ugle wriggled joyously as he thought of the musical flow of thanks that would surely flow from those sweet lips, and he crawled along as fast as he could. But what was that big dark shadow that darted. Oh! so swiftly towards him? Horrors! a hungry thrush. One excruciating thrill of pain, and with the cry, "Clovellie," in his heart, Ugle gave a last writhe, then hung limply in the bird's beak.

So died Ugle, the faithful earthworm. His mission was accomplished; he had saved the fairy of the white clover, his beloved Clovellie; and now he was dead.

When Clovellie heard of Ugle's death, she flew to the spot, and her fairy tears dripped down on the hard ground. And where they fell, there sprung up a small plant with purple-red flowers that are something the shape of a worm's head—the flower after poor Ugle was called Uglo (but now it has been changed to Bugloss).

You may see it in the fields, to this day, a testimony to my story. M. F.

A LEGEND OF THE SCHOOL BADGE.

After the Roman invasion of Britain, when a Roman camp was stationed upon the Alne where Alcester now stands, a legion of soldiers, under the command of a young Roman lieutenant, was placed at the entrance of the camp to guard it. An attack upon the camp by the Britons was expected every day, but when many days passed by without any sign of their approach, the legion grew weary of keeping guard and were eager for battle. The young lieutenant, who, on account of his unusual shortness of stature, was called "Magnus Legatus" by the huge soldiers of the legion, was particularly anxious for fighting in order to obtain an opportunity of testing his valour; and no heart was more restless than his when no attack seemed forthcoming.

Then one night, when most of the legion were sleeping, a rustling sound in the grass by the river-side broke upon the air. The little soldier, who was keeping watch with a companion, put his hand to his ear and listened intently, peering in the direction whence the noise came as he did so. Again came the rustling sound, and then again, nearer.

The lieutenant ordered the soldier with him to warn the sleeping legion to be ready for battle, but hardly had he spoken when out of the long grass near by appeared a number of men, wild, fierce-looking, with skins thrown roughly round them. With horrible yells they rushed towards the young soldier left standing there, hurling huge stones, which he dodged with difficulty, as they ran. Then quickly, when the foremost of the attackers was almost upon him, he grasped his javelin, and hurled it at the oncomer's head, causing him to drop down immediately. For a moment this checked the rest of the band, so surprised were they to see their leader fall, but, on seeing the little soldier catch a stone as it came whirling by and fling it at another of their men, with fierce screams of anger they almost threw themselves upon him.

The thought that he and his legion would suffer defeat unless something was done quickly passed through the mind of the young Roman. If only he could keep them back until his men were ready; but how was he to do it without even a javelin? Then suddenly, with a loud cry of "Dei nobiscum State!" which, as a thought flashed through his mind, he altered to "Christus nobiscum State!" he lifted his shield and battered it heavily upon those who had approached near, heads, shoulders, limbs, wherever he could touch them. As he did so the sound of movements behind made him renew his vigour. A heavy stone hit his forehead, and almost stunned him, but he repeated his motto over to himself, and was aware all the time that his men were almost ready, and so continued his struggle. Then suddenly he was struck by a heavy stone club, which felled him to the ground just as his men with loud cries rushed upon his attackers. "Christus nobiscum State!" shouted the little soldier, and at the sound of his voice the Romans, forcing back the enemy with their javelins, slowly but surely overcame them. In a short time not one of the band of Britons remained standing, only a number of dead or wounded bodies in the grass were left. Then the soldiers returned to their young leader, and, to their great sorrow, found that the blow from the club had killed him, though he had saved his camp and legion.

For years afterwards the Romans were proud to relate the story of the brave little soldier, and, in memory of him, some of their coins were stamped with his figure and motto. Years have gone by since then, and now the old "Alauna Castra" is a small town, at the entrance of which stands a Grammar School. Passing through this town boys and girls may be seen wearing hats or caps with little silver badges on the front; and these badges bear the figure of a little Roman soldier and the motto 'Christus nobiscum State!' P.A.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

AN OLD FRENCH TRENCH.

DEAR SIR,

I expect you will be pleased to hear from me so having a stock of paper and the time, I will give you an idea of our sector of the trenches and life in the infantry.

I made the acquaintance of these trenches in the dark, after a march of ten miles from our billets. We carried all our possessions (not a few) in our packs, and as much food and as many candles as we could find room for. Therefore, by the time we were struggling along the communication trenches over lumps of chalk we were not over fresh or happy, and cursed the French for not making better trenches. However, they had made us a good, dry dug-out, where forty of us proceeded to make ourselves at home, and go to sleep.

Next morning we were aroused by the rumbling of the French "soixante quinze," and found that we had brought fine weather with us. Two larks soared up, and closing my eyes I was once more amongst the lanes of Warwickshire. Opening them, a shattered and deserted village in rear told me otherwise. Even the trees lining the road were torn and twisted from the effects of shell fire.

As I write (five hundred yards from Fritz) various noises disturb the beautiful spring afternoon, while puffs of white smoke from aeroplane shrapnel mar a glorious blue sky. Two of our aeroplanes are up, scouting, and seem indifferent to the aircraft gunners, who have very poor luck, rarely fetching one down. Some miles away, an observation balloon is directing the fire of two big guns, the shells from which whistle over every few minutes into the village. Our battery replies at the expense of their trenches, and neither succeeds in doing much damage.

At this moment I was wondering what the "Fifth" were doing (three p.m. Monday), and if Miss Deans has all the windows open. Here the houses have none left to open, and very few civilians have remained, not liking Fritz and his rough ways.

Now we all wear steel shrapnel helmets, which give us a very amusing appearance. Imagine me with a green soup plate, inverted on my head, a red leather jerkin, whitened trousers, white puttees, and two heaps of wet red clay where my feet should be. Thus, except for our rifles and bayonets, we might resemble Yorkists or Lancastrians, instead of modern infantry.

This afternoon it is quite a nice war, but as a rule, trench warfare means constant work night and day to mend damaged trenches and keep them in condition. Wet or cold weather increases this work, and makes things very unpleasant for you as working in a foot of mud you get plastered with it, and look more like a huge mud pie than a man. Enfin, we have all done more spade-work than we ever imagined men could do and do not mind how soon we forsake spades and picks for our rifles and have a good blaze away at Fritz.

A few days after writing this I had the pleasure of seeing an aeroplane hit. There were several up, and it was most interesting to watch his erratic descent like a wounded bird. I have also seen my first Germans through a telescope, and they were working on wire entanglements, and quite harmless.

Au revoir, with the best of luck to you and the school.

Your old scholar,

THOMAS GOSTLING.

THE DIARY OF A WASP.

8.30.—Wake, feeling rather dirty, and no wonder, for I find myself in the caretaker's room, lying on a pile of rubbish. Hum! very undignified for one in my station in life. Fly round to explore; can't see any way of getting out.

8.40.—Door is opened by girl in black, on coming inside see that it is an overall and mob cap. Just as she is going to pick up a duster I buzz my loudest. She screams, drops duster and rushes out. Follow her into the form room, and see another girl making a frightful dust and dropping books about. "What ever is the matter?" she says to first maiden. "Ow, it's a wasp; mind, it's there." "Pooh! frightened of thing like that;

ger—r—r go away," and the second maid makes a vicious lunge at me with duster. I dodge and give her nice little sting on neck, just for spite. Fly out of room leaving both screaming insults at a poor inoffensive creature like me.

9.15.—Have had a little fly round school; nice place, very. Go to see what's happening inside now. They are very quiet. Fly through broken pane of glass, and see boys and girls sitting at desks. Seem puzzled, some making good meal of end of pen. Wonder what it tastes like! Sample a lazy looking boy's. He jumps up and shouts, "Shoo! shoo!" All the form laugh, and the master in charge says, "What is all this commotion about, remember that it is a test." "Blank, I believe you're the centre of it all, what is it?" "Please sir, it's a wasp," stammers the boy. "Very well, I'll attend to that," says the master, and picks up a ruler. Think it time to retire, so fly out again through pane.

9.50.—Feeling peckish, so fly along to green cupboard. Oh, lucky me, they've forgotten to lock door. In I fly, and see little parcels. Smell some ham in one little bundle, so fly to it. After difficulty, work my way inside, and find lovely ham and jam. Have delicious meal, and am then conscious of drowsiness creeping over me.

12.50.—Must have had a long nap. Suddenly roused by great bustle, and find parcel being lifted up and undone. Keep close to ham, and look round. See I'm in a large dining room with boys and girls having dinner. Think it time to make my presence felt, so start buzzing. Down goes ham scattered in all directions, and there's a yell and shrieks of laughter. Fly up, and find that the girl that yelled is my friend of morning, by my mark on her neck.

Create great disturbance, and all make a dash at me. Dodge them, but one boy catches my wing with serviette. I just save myself from water jug, and watery death. Dive under table, and give boy's leg one of my sharpest stings. Mistress comes by and gives boy two marks for making so much noise; serve him right. I buzz round her head to show my approval, and she says, "Kill that wasp at once." I make hasty retreat into field.

2.30.—Go to tennis court, and see a crowd. Evidently there's a match, Boys v. Girls. Think I will help, so fly across and settle on girl's hand. She jumps and they lose the point. To show no favouritism, go to boy and do same. He hits ball yards out of court, and calls me most uncomplimentary names. Fly round and listen to conversation. "Oh," says one pale looking girl, who

looks as though she couldn't touch a ball, "What an awful hit; look, right into the net."

"Oh, yes! of course we shall win," says one of the boys, so just to take him down I give him a fine sting on wrist. "You brute, you brute," he shouts, and chases me. Don't stay to see result of match, but fly to dining room while coast is clear. Then settle for another nap on window ledge.

Good day to-day! Four stings; no injuries. Clever me! M.K.A.

THE SNOWFLAKES.

You are welcome, little snowflakes,
I have waited for you long,
Through the summer and the autumn,
And now half the winter's gone.

You are welcome, little snowflakes,
But I wish you weren't so cold,
You're a pleasure to the children.
But a trouble to the old.

You make a lovely carpet
Upon the King's highway,
For boys and girls to snowball
When they come out to play.

But when the snow is melting,
Our feet get very wet;
So let us hope for sunshine,
And the colder days forget.

E.B. (age 10 years).

SWEEPING AND DUSTING.

OUR NEW CRAZE.

In the Form to which I belong the boys do the sweeping, and the girls do the dusting. As I am a boy I will describe the sweeping.

The boys are very clever at sweeping. They use about half a tin of powder a day, and would use more if they were allowed.

My sweeping partner fetches the broom, dust-pan, etc., belonging to another form. After a great deal of confusion we find our own appliances, and return the others to their proper owners, who are justly irate.

We now set to work with a will. We move the desks, spilling everyone's ink—except our own, and accidentally (?) putting dust into the inkpots. When the floor is cleared we put a layer of powder deep enough for a barricade for

two battalions of toy soldiers. After some quarrelling as to who shall sweep, the strongest starts.

I think some of us boys would make capital road sweepers at a shilling per mile.

It has been suggested that respirators should be worn when sweeping, as the dust gets down your throat like German gas!

I think that since the boys have done the sweeping the floors look a lot cleaner, but the dust is scattered broadcast over the A.G.S.

R.H.

THE SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

The School Entertainment on May 25th was quite a success from a dramatic and financial point of view. The whole programme was carried out well, in spite of the anxiety with regard to certain items at the last rehearsal.

The chorus singing went surprisingly well, no doubt due to the morning practices, and the girls' part songs were appreciated by everyone. Form II. (the tenth little nigger boy especially) should be congratulated upon their rendering of "Ten Little Nigger Boys." What realistic "nigger boys" this form makes. All the dances were enjoyed, from those of Form I. to the Fifth Form dance; but in the minuet it seemed very strange to see Upper Third boys looking so graceful and elegant. One usually associates inky fingers and tousled hair with the male members of this form.

The scenes from Julius Cæsar were almost faultlessly acted, but I wonder if the Roman mob thought that a piteous spectacle was a strange animal or a peculiar eatable. Evidently E.S. did to judge from his tone of voice. Cæsar seemed rather hard-hearted not to have been won over by such an entreating Calpurnia as K.P.; and one can quite forgive the mob for being so easily swayed when a Brutus like M.F., or a Mark Antony like G.T., appears upon the scene.

In Mechanical Jane a marvellous improvement in the voices of Tabitha and Priscilla had been made since the previous rehearsal. Was it due to the effects of the gymnastic feats seen in the Fourth Form room—namely, two figures lying at full length on the floor screaming out speeches and being kept down by the weight of a kneeling figure on their backs? The remark made by the cabman was not at all applicable to Mechanical Jane, a drain-pipe does not look quite such a substantial figure even when tied up in a tight brown-paper

parcel. It would be well if the gravity of M.A. as Mechanical Jane was made use of on more occasions than this.

A boy, even though a black one, who could spoil a cake, drown a puppy, melt butter, and jump upon mince pies as artlessly and innocently as R.H. as Epaminondas did, well deserved the thrashing from his Mammy, which could be heard so plainly.

If there is as much interest and enthusiasm throughout Warwickshire for the Star and Garter Home as there was taken by the members of A.G.S. the ward will soon be provided for. P.A.

SENIOR TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

On Saturday, July 15th, a Tennis Tournament took place between the Jackals, Brownies, and Tomtits, the five best couples out of each side being chosen to play. Two courts, Mr. Wells's and the Front court were used for the games, which began at half-past two and lasted until eight o'clock, fine weather having been enjoyed the whole time. A great change in the style of some players was noticed after tea; was it due to the amount of cake they had eaten or to the strawberries? It was thought by many of the spectators that M.J. had been studying Indian war hoops, to judge from the frequent "wa-ahs" which came from her direction. The tournament resulted in 129 games for the Jackals, 92 for the Brownies, and 79 for the Tomtits. P.A. & M.A.

JUNIOR TENNIS TOURNAMENT ON "BACK" COURT.

Let us take a peep behind the scenes. On the Front Court all is orderly and well conducted. But what of it on the "Back." Balls are flying hither and thither, vainly endeavouring to touch the sky overhead. Now one flies over the wall at a height which puts even aeroplanes in the shade, another flies into a small group of excited little people, and a certain voice screams out in raspy tones, "Oh, you are mean!"

Another person is attempting to score with but little success, for now and again the score is disputed by the opponents' and the ball has to be sent again. Suddenly our attention is drawn to loud talking or rather screeching at the far end of the court. A certain person with rather a vinegary expression is attempting to make other people believe that she is to play next, when a meek little voice interposes saying "I thought Miss Evans said I was to play next." Then the pantomime

begins. All this time the scorer is shouting at the top of her voice, "Be quiet there, and get off the court; I'll go and fetch Miss Evans if you don't be quiet." After a time order, or rather an apology for order is resumed, and the players go on blissfully scattering the birds in all directions as their balls soar upwards, until No. 2 pantomime begins.

G.H.W.

THE BOY SCOUTS.

Since our last Magazine the above Club has progressed considerably. This term we persuaded several of the older boys in the school to join us, and although they did not do so as fully qualified B.P. Scouts, yet they fell in with all our rules, and I believe they enjoyed our meetings to the full. In addition, we have been pleased to enrol as Scouts several boys in the Upper School.

Up to the present we have not turned our attention to any of the more serious sides of scouting, but have mainly contented ourselves with the lighter side. Next term, however, we hope to begin full instruction in several of the more serious and advanced branches of the Boy Scout movement.

The following have now passed the tenderfoot test, and are entitled to wear the Boy Scout Badge:— Cowper, Thomas, Howse, Gardner, Bunting i, Jephcott, Clark, Wright, and Bomford i.

These are now proceeding to the Second Class test, which is a more elaborate and difficult matter. Firstly, the boys have to be able to follow a marked trail of four miles in 48 minutes, and then on return to draw a sketch of the route taken with marks to indicate where notes were hidden, and what was contained in the notes. We held this test this term; all satisfied the time limit, but failed to find the last note, and were therefore disqualified. A second test for the Second Class rank the boys have taken this term, and many have passed. This consists in exposing to their view for one minute a collection of fifty sundry articles; then in two minutes they are to write a list of the articles. Several succeeded in writing down between thirty and forty.

We hope next term to continue these tests for the Second Class rank. Some of the additional tests include elementary first aid knowledge; signalling (either Morse or Semaphore); to be able to light a fire in the open, using not more than two matches; to cook meat and potatoes over a camp fire, and to know the principal points of the compass.

There are still many boys in the school whom we should like to see amongst us, and we take this opportunity of again assuring all boys that in this

Club they will find not only an amusing but also an interesting and instructive method of passing a few of their spare moments.

We regret that we shall be losing at the end of this term Cowper, who has been one of our best and most regular Scouts since the commencement of the Club. However, as he is not going far away, perhaps in the near future he will be a master of a troop of his own, and we shall then be pleased to challenge him to an encounter should such a troop come into existence.

E. S. WALKER,
Scoutmaster.

SCHOOL NOTES AND QUERIES.

We are pleased to announce that a new Hobbies Shield has been presented to the school by Mr. and Mrs. Wells. The three sides—Brownies, Jackals and Tomtits—will compete for this in the various Sports Day competitions.

Instead of the usual obstacle race a cross-country race took place on the Thursday previous to Sports Day, in which competitors ran up Canada Road, through Cold Comfort Wood, and returned home along Alcester Heath.

At present P. Perks is in France guarding two wounded German prisoners.

A short time ago T. H. Gostling returned home from France for a week's leave. He has received a stripe for his work as a sniper.

D. Cook has joined the 12th Battalion of the Royal Warwicks, and is now in training in Dorset.

We regret to say that Mr. Ankorn has left the school temporarily. He has joined the 4th Battalion of the Warwicks, and is now in the Isle of Wight.

Mr. Hall has recently been organising sports in different parts of the country. He has visited Newcastle, York, Hull and Grimsby.

Mr. Hayes returned home a few months ago to train for a commission.

We should be very pleased to know why certain peculiar odours from the laboratory have pervaded the school lately. Is there any necessity for making us accustomed to the smell of bad eggs?

No, we are not learning to be domestic servants. We are keeping the school swept and dusted during the absence of the school caretaker.

If parents find their washing diminishing, and miss seeing small holes in blouses and dresses caused by laboratory acids, let them be thankful to the black sateen overalls worn for sweeping and dusting, and in the laboratory.

Fancy G. Hemans being a man! We had always thought that the poem "Casabianca" was written by Mrs. Hemans until M.S. informed us otherwise.

It has been supposed by some unenlightened people that the boys have suddenly grown energetic. If this is due to their frequent mowing of the Tennis Court the above supposition is quite wrong. Which do boys usually prefer, lessons in school or *light* work outside?

Owing to the fact that the whole school turned out to work the other afternoon, some to sweep the bicycle shed, some to mow the grass, and others to help with a bonfire, we have been asked if we have formed a "Busy Bee Society." Oh, no, but as ordinary lessons could not continue owing to the absence of Miss Deans, we did some of the caretaker's work.

We have always been taught that an island was a piece of land surrounded by water. However, there must be a mistake somewhere, since P.J. informs us that "isles" are found in churches.

TENNIS.

GIRLS v. BOYS.—During the term a match was played between the boys and girls of this school. The six best players were chosen from each side. The weather was rather showery, but

in spite of this an enjoyable afternoon was spent. Amidst great excitement on the part of both boys and girls, the boys finally succeeded in beating the girls by ten games. The final score was 50—40.

FIFTH V. FOURTH.—The six best players out of each form played a tennis match on June 15th. Two games were played each side of the net, and on the whole the style was very good. The Fifth proved themselves to be the better team by beating the Fourth 23—13. The Fifth regret that A. P. Jephcott, one of their best players, was unable to play.

TEAM MATCHES.—Tennis matches between the three teams have been played during the term. On all occasions great enthusiasm was shown by all the members of the teams. The scores were as follows :—

Brownies v. Tomtits	12—2
Brownies v. Jackals	12—5
Jackals v. Tomtits	8—12

M.S.

SPORTS' DAY 1916.

The annual School Sports were held on Thursday, July 6th. Unfortunately, however, the weather was very unsettled; but, in spite of the prevailing conditions, a large number of people had assembled when the time came for the first event. The racing commenced at 2.30, and many exciting contests were witnessed. Later in the afternoon, a very bad storm interrupted the programme, and the last three events had to be abandoned. During the afternoon a collection was made in aid of the "Star and Garter Home" for Incurable Soldiers and Sailors. The sum realised was £2 9s. 9d.

In the Hall and Art Room were the Girls' competitions.

Mr. Wells asked Mrs. Brown to present the cup and shield. The shield was presented to Hall (the Captain of the Jackals), this being the third year in succession that the Jackals have won it. The cup was then presented to Cowper (Captain of the Tomtits). There were again no prizes this year on account of the war.

H.W.

EVENT.	AGE.	FIRST.	SECOND.	TIME.
Quarter-Mile	Over 14	Whitehouse	Burden	1m. 4secs.
100 Yds.	12-14	Wright	Gardner	15secs.
Egg and Spoon	Under 12	Bird III.	Wayte	
100 Yds.	Over 14	Whitehouse	Hall	13secs.
Egg and Spoon	Girls	F. Winnett	E. Wilesmith	
220 Yds.	12-14	James	Heighway	32secs.
Half-Mile	Over 14	Cowper	Smith I.	2m. 42secs.
100 Yds.	Under 12	Sisam	Bird II.	
Football Race	12-14	Heard	Brown	
Slow Bicycle	Open	Phillips	Cowper	2m. 48secs.
Half-Mile	12-14	Heard	Clark	30secs.
220 Yds.	Over 14	Whitehouse	Bunting I.	
Tug-of-War		Jackals	Hall	
Hurdle Race	Over 14	Whitehouse	Bird II.	
Sack Race	Under 12	Bunting III.	F. Winnett	16½secs.
100 Yds.	Girls	K. Wilesmith	Bunting III. and Bird II.	
Three-Legged Race	Under 12	Bunting and Collins	Nicklin	
Consolation	12-14	Haines	Cowper	
Football Race	Over 14	Hall	Nicklin	
High Jump	12-14	Bird I. (49ins.)	Whitehouse	6mins.
The Mile	Over 14	Cowper	E. Wilesmith & M. Lloyd	
Three-Legged Race	Girls	M. Sisam & F. Winnett	Brown	
Hurdle Race	12-14	Heard	Bunting I.	
Crab Walk	Over 14	Hall	Staff	
Consolation	Over 14	Burden	Tomtits	
Relay Race	Three Teams	Jackals	Nicklin	
Crab Walk	12-14	Heard	Hall (51ins.)	
High Jump	Over 14	Cowper (52ins.)	Whitehouse (16ft. 6in.)	
Long Jump	Over 14	Cowper (16ft. 11ins.)	Heard (14ft. 10ins.)	
Long Jump	12-14	Wright (15ft.)	Hall (72yds. 8ins.)	
Throwing Cricket Ball	Over 14	Rimell (73yds. 7ins.)	Heard (58yds. 2ft.)	
Throwing Cricket Ball	12-14	Stevens (59yds. 2ft.)	Hall	
Cross-Country Race (3½mils.)	Over 14	Cowper	Wright	
Cross-Country Race	12-14	Heard	Bunting III	
Cross-Country Race	Under 12	Bird II.		

SPORTS' DAY, 1916.

The weather was not favourable for Sports' Day, but nevertheless it was quite a success, as the receipts, £7 10s., show.

The long tables in the Hall were occupied with specimens of sewing, cookery, etc. At the "Home-made Toy" table M. Farquhar was 1st, with a Punch and Judy Show. Finnemore's clever toy was 2nd, and May Stock's golliwog was 3rd.

Speaking of golliwogs, we experienced a shock at hearing a comical toy, of the "Johnny Jingle" species, apostrophised as "lovely" and "beautiful." Although the Johnny Jingle was very well made, the beauty was not apparent! In Div. II., M. Burke's rabbit was adjudged first. Second came Phillips' dovecot, and S. Burke was third.

The table bearing the "Cold Sweets" looked exceedingly attractive. Here E. Finnemore was first.

At the "Home-made Cake" table the following dialogue was overheard:—

A.G.S. girl, earnestly, to spectator: "What do you think of *that* cake?"

Spectator: "I see it's first.

A.G.S. girl: "But what do you *think* of it?"

Spectator: "It looks very good indeed, in fact excellent."

A.G.S. girl, modestly: "'S' mine!"

It is to be presumed that the spectator thanked her stars that she had praised the aforesaid cake.

In the Caricature Competition M. Farquhar was first, B. Tipping second, and B. James third. From what was overheard, the opinions of the visitors differed considerably in regard to the sketches; some pronounced them "good," others thought they were "feeble."

As the rain put an end to the races, the visitors departed early. First, however, the Cup and Shields were presented in the Hall. The Games Shield was won by the "Jackals." The Hobbies' Shield, presented by Mr. and Mrs. Wells, was won by the "Brownies," and Lily Gostling thanked Mr. and Mrs. Wells for it.

Altogether the afternoon was quite enjoyable, although we hope for better weather on Sports Day, 1917.

M.A. & M.F.

